Canadian Series of School Books.

FIRST BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

PART II.

Authorized
By the Council of Public Instruction
For Ontario.

TORONTO:
JAMES CAMPBELL & SON.

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Toronto:
CANADA PUBLISHING CO.
(LIMITED).

Entered according to Act of Provincial Legislature, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven, by the Reverend EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D., *Chief Superintendent of Education for Ontario, in the Office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada.*

TO THE TEACHER.

PART II. of the First Book of Reading Lessons is divided into two Sections, and is intended to complete the series of lessons on the *letter-sounds* of the language. The First Section discusses all, or nearly all, the double consonant-sounds, and it incidentally supplies the necessary additional practice on the vowel-sounds. Towards the close of the First, and throughout the Second Section, easy words of two syllables are occasionally met with, but chiefly in the Nursery Rhymes attached to the lessons. Care has been taken to avoid their use as far as practicable, not because it is more difficult for a child to read easy narratives in which such words occur, but simply because monosyllables afford better practice in the letter-sounds, and in the anomalies of the language; and, though not more easily spelled, they are more commonly met with, and are more easily pronounced by children.

The Second Section is designed chiefly to familiarise the pupil with the words he has already met with in his previous reading. With this view, while many words new to him have been introduced, care has been taken to employ as many as possible of the words given in the lists at the head of the previous lessons.

The whole forms an introduction to the Second Book, and is to be taught with reference to the Chart of the Elementary Sounds of the English Language specially prepared for the use of Teachers, in connection with this Series of Reading Books.

SUCCESSION OF STEPS.

I The words at the head of the lesson are before it is read to be carefully and distinctly pronounced by the *Teacher*, and after him by the pupils, simultaneously and individually,—the *Teacher* at the same time explaining them in familiar terms. Where, as often occurs, a word has several

meanings, the Teacher is expected to give only the particular meaning attached to the word in the lesson under consideration.

II. The lesson is read sentence by sentence, and is dealt with, generally, as recommended in Part I., Section II.

III. The lesson last under consideration, or any *previous* lesson, may be employed as affording materials for an exercise either in oral spelling or in spelling on the slate, care being taken, in either case, to have every word spelled in its proper connection. For this purpose, the teacher is recommended to give the words in short connected phrases, and to call upon each pupil to spell all the words of a phrase. Pupils will thus learn to associate with one another the sign, the sound, and the sense of each word.

☞ It is earnestly hoped that the Teacher will not use the isolated words at the head of each lesson as an exercise in spelling, especially before the lesson has been read. The most useful spelling exercise at this stage of the pupil's advancement is that which shows him to be familiar with the orthography of the words he has already met with in his reading.

EDUCATION OFFICE,
TORONTO, *December*, 1869.

LESSONS ON THE SOUNDS OF THE DOUBLE CONSONANTS

LESSON I.

Do you see this fine red and white bull? Well when I was a boy, just such a bull as this ran at me one day as I went to school. I was on the road, and I did my best to get out of the way, but I saw that the bull would soon be up to me. So I ran on and on and on, till at last I could hear him close to me. I threw down my books, and I knew that he would stop and look at them. Soon he was once more close to me. I knew not what to do. There was no fence near the road, and I could not run much more. I was sure the bull would have me; but just then a man came up with two dogs. They drove off the bull, and I was safe at last.

LESSON II.

this	these	thick	bath	bathe
that	those	thing	lath	lathe
thee	them	think	breath	breathe
they	their	throw	path	truth
thy	there	threw	both	mouth

Jane and Tom think they can get Ned to run on the path, but he does not like to try. If he were to fall and hurt his mouth, it would vex both them and their papa. Ned must throw that thing off his arms, and try to walk. He can do it this time if he tries. There, Ned, now go; but take care of those thick laths that Pat threw on the path. That is the way—run to Tom.

It is God that makes me still breathe the breath of life. I must at all times do His will, and speak the truth, and keep from those who walk in the path of sin.

LESSON III.

she	ship	cash	push
shall	shop	dash	fish
shell	share	rash	brush
show	shore	splash	dish

These four lads had kept all their cents for a long time, so one day Jack said to the rest, let us take all our cash, and buy two toy ships; we can go shares in them, and it will be fine fun to sail them in the bay. So they made a dash through the bush to the shop where they sell toys, and they soon had their two ships. Here you see three of the boys on the shore, and the fourth, Jack, is in the bay. He knows that it would be rash for him to go in too far, and that he must not splash the boys on the shore. He went in to push the ship off, and to show them how she can go. She can swim like a fish; but my boat, which is made out of a big nut-shell, is more like a dish than a ship.

LESSON IV.

what	chat	each	Charles
when	chick	teach	chair
where	cheek	peach	which
whence	such	preach	church

Mamma sits in her chair to teach Charles his verse, while Jane sits on her stool and chats to them. She tells mamma, that, as she was on her way to church, to hear the good man preach, she found a poor lame chick. It was cold, and she held it to her cheek, where it soon got warm. She did not know what to do with it for some time. At last she heard a noise, and went to see whence it came. She found it was from an

old hen, which was poor chick's mamma; so she put the chick down and the hen ran to it. When Charles knows his verse, and Jane has done her tale, mamma will give a peach to each of them.

LESSON V.

child	field	bold	find	bend
mild	yield	cold	kind	lend
wild	shield	fold	mind	mend
held	world	told	blind	friend

God made the world and all that is in it. He makes the grass to grow, and the field to give us corn for food. He makes the trees to yield their fruit. He takes care of the birds, and fish, and wild beasts, and of all things that live.

How good and kind God is to us! He bends to us the ear of a kind friend, and lends us His help in time of need. God tells us that He will shield us from all harm; and that He will save us when we die, if we do His will, and pray to Him as we ought. Let us serve God, then, with all our heart; and let us kneel down each day, and ask Him to keep us and make us good.

If I mind all I am told in God's word, I shall not be a wild, rude child, but God will make me kind and good, and He will take me as a lamb to His fold.

Oh that my heart may be full of peace and joy, and may my lips speak words of truth and love!

LESSON VI.

hang	sing	song	sank	think
rang	wing	long	thank	blink
sang	bring	throng	ink	sink
ring	swing	hung	drink	wink

These boys and girls have just come out of school for play. As soon as the bell rang, they all put away their things, and some ran to swing, and some to get a drink. Tom Ford took the cup that hung by the pump and put it down through a hole to see how deep the well was. The string broke, and the cup sank and was lost. Some of them ran to form a ring, and, as they went round and round, they sang the song which you see on the next page.

This is the song which John Stout got Fred Jones to sing :—

Ding, dong, bell,
Puss was in the well!
Who put her in?
It was long Tom Thin.
Who took her out?
It was short John Stout.

SONG.

Now join your hands and form a ring,
And let us all trip round and sing,
For time, we know, is on the wing,
So come and share our fun.
Then drop your books, and pen, and ink,
Nor stay to count, nor stop to think,
To rub your eyes, or wink, or blink,
For now our work is done.

Two by two we trip along,
Round we dance with laugh and song,
Young, blithe, and gay—a happy throng,
Oh! come and share our play.
Long or short, or brown or fair,
Each boy and girl—a merry pair,
We feel nor want, nor pain, nor care,
Our hearts are light and gay.

LESSON VII.

blame	blot	blue	blithe	bliss
blank	blow	bloom	blind	bless
Blanche	blew	blood	bleat	bled

Blanche has made a blot on the blank page of her new book, and she knows her mamma will blame her for it. She cut her hand so that it bled; the blood fell on her book; she thought she could blow it off, but she blew it so as to make a great blot.

The book is a blue one, and her mamma gave it

to her. Her mamma now reads to her of a poor blind boy who went for a walk in the blithe time of the year, when the rose is first in bloom. He could not see the rose, but he heard the birds sing, and the sheep bleat for their young ones, and he felt the warm air. He was glad to know that the birds and the lambs were at play, and that the roses were in bloom, though he could not see them. So he knelt down on the grass, to ask God to bless him and to make him good.

Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, I have, Sir,
Three bags full;
One for you, Sir,
One for the dame,
One for the blind boy
That lives in the lane.

LESSON VIII.

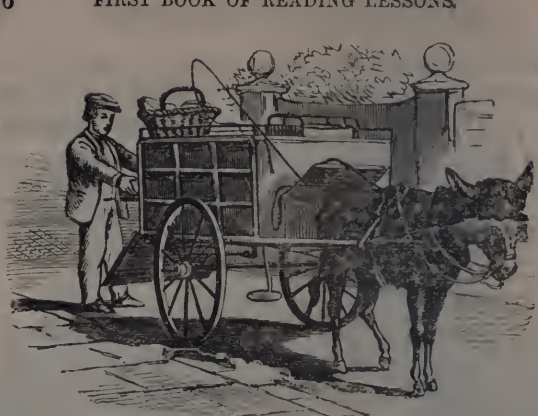
claim	climb	crash
clad	cloud	cross
class	Clem	crow
clean	cling	crown

Here we have a bad boy, whose name is Will Crown. His mamma tries to keep him well clad and clean, but he soon gets as black as a crow. He is a sad dunce at school, and though he is ten years old, he is in the same class with Clem Best, who is but five. Sad to say, he is a thief, too. One night he went to steal some plums. The moon was hid by a cloud, so he thought no one could see him. He got up the tree and soon had his hat full of plums. The branch on which he sat broke, and he came down with a crash.

The noise woke two cross dogs, who ran at him and caught him, by the legs, on the fence, so that he could not climb it. Here the dogs will cling and keep Will Crown till the man comes up and claims the plums. He will whip Will for a thief and set the cross dogs at him.

There was a little man,
Who had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
He shot a little duck,
And he shot it right through the head, head, head.

Then he took it home
To his wife Joan,
And told her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
That he shot in the brook,
While he went to shoot the drake, drake, drake.



LESSON IX

bray	breath	brown
bran	breathe	brought
bread	breeze	bring
brass	bronze	broke

George Judd sells bread, and he takes it round in a cart. He has no horse, so he makes an ass draw the cart. This ass is brown, and his name is Ned. One day Ned ran off with the cart, when it was full of bread. He broke the cart and lost most of the bread. Ned was quite out of breath, when he got home, and then he would not let them catch him. So George ran for some bran, which he brought out dry in a brass pan. Ned came up and put his nose to the pan, and gave one great bray. His breath made such a

breeze that it blew the dry bran into George's eyes and nose, and made him sneeze, and then off Ned ran. They had to bribe him, with some oats, to let them catch him.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Once I saw a little bird
Come, hop, hop, hop;
So I said "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
I went close up to the door,
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

A CHILD'S VERSE.

Great God, to Thee
I bend my knee,
  Oh hear my words of praise;
Naughty and wild,
Though but a child,
  Direct and keep my ways.

Since Thou wilt hear,
From hearts sincere,
  A cry, a lisp, a word,
Help me to raise
A song of praise,
  My Life, my Light, my Lord!

LESSON X.

drip	droop	true
draw	drench	train
drain	drop	trench
drown	drive	straw

Carrie Trench had a fine wax doll which could cry, and shut its eyes. It had long brown hair all in curls. She made it a new dress, with a long train, out of a piece of pink silk, and her mamma bought a straw hat for it. One day Carrie took her doll to school with her, though her mamma had said she ought to leave it at home. All the girls were in love with the doll, and they all set to work to try to get it. So it had a pull here and a

twist there, till, at length, its fine curls were drawn out so as to droop in a sad way. Then one girl, who had it to nurse, let it drop and broke its leg.

Carrie had to go home in the rain. It is true she rode, and made the man drive fast, but the rain came drip, drip, so as to drench her doll's new silk dress. On her way home, Carrie let her doll drop into a drain, and she thought it would drown, but the man ran and drew it out of the drain.

The fine doll had been in the mud; and here you see Carrie with the torn dress in her hands. It is dirty and in rags, and is torn, and she shows it to Annie, who says, "Ah, Carrie, it would have been well, had you done what mamma thought was best, and left your sweet doll at home."

I MUST NOT BE IDLE.

I must not be idle,
  And spend all the day
In nursing my dolly,
  And other nice play;
But I must be learning
  To hem and to sew,
And to dress my dear brother,
  (Little Bobby, you know)
And I must be learning
  To spell and to read,
For I know, if I try,
  I am sure to succeed.

LESSON XI.

Frank	fresh	flame	flee
frame	frog	flash	fling
freak	fruit	flung	flood

Frank Hart and his papa had to go a long way through the woods with two carts. They went on and on, till at last they lost their way and did not know how to get out of the woods. All they had to eat was some bread and the fresh fruit they found in the woods. Frank caught ten frogs, and as he had heard that some eat them, he thought he would cook them and try. He and his papa both thought them good food. When night came, they put up the frame of a cart

and flung the tent-cloth on it. They lay down in their tent to go to sleep; but just then there was a flash of bright light. They got out of their tent, and found that the woods far off were all on fire, and that the flame made a great roar, and the sky was all red with a vast flood of light. They cut loose their horses and fled for their lives; for fire runs fast in the woods. They had to ride a long time, but at length they got out of the woods and were safe, but the carts were burnt up.

Make a cake, make a cake, my good man.
So I do, so I do, fast as I can;
Prick it, and tick it, and mark it with B,
And take it, and bake it, for Bobby and me.

MY LITTLE HEN.

"Chuck! chuck! chuck!"
"Good morning, pretty hen;
How many chicks have you got?"
"Sir, I have but ten.
And three of them are black,
And three of them are brown,
And four of them are black-and-white,
The nicest in the town."

LESSON XII.

glad	glen	grain	green	groom
glass	glow	great	growl	grove
glade	gleam	grand	ground	grown

The bear has no tail; but he has a rough, warm coat of long fur. He sets his paws flat on the ground when he walks. Each toe has a great, sharp claw. Some bears are black or brown. These live in the dark glades of deep woods, and eat meat, or grain, or green grass. One kind of bear is white. It lives far to the north, where the ice and deep snow are. It lives on fish, and

the flesh of seals. All bears are fond of their cubs; and they all like to eat things that are sweet.

Men hunt the bear for the sake of its skin. Its fur is so long and warm, that its skin makes a good robe. Wild bears are quite fierce, when they see men or dogs; they growl, and their eyes glow and gleam like coals of fire.

Men can tame bears; but they must be caught while young. When I was in France, long ago, a man brought a full-grown bear to the place where I then was. All the boys and girls were glad, for they had heard of the tricks this bear could play; and they thought it would be grand sport to see him. The groom led the bear by a rope to a cool grove in a deep glen, and there all went to see his tricks.

He would stand on his hind legs, and walk up and down. Then he would beg for bits of bread and cake, and dance to a tune. It was fine fun to see him take a hat round to the boys and girls, to get them to put a few cents into it. When he had got all the cents they could spare, he would give both hat and cents to his groom. Then he would take a glass into his great paws, and the man would fill it with beer. The bear would put the glass to his mouth, drink the beer, and give the glass back to the groom. Then he would make a bow to all the boys and girls, and run off, on all four legs, with the groom on his back.

LESSON XIII.

play	plot	praise	press
please	pluck	proud	pray
plead	plant	pride	prune

When I was a boy, not so old as you are, my dear papa gave me a plot of ground to plant things in. He told me I might have it for my own, and call it mine, as long as I kept it free from weeds. I at once ran to my mamma to plead with her to get me a hoe, a rake, and a spade. To please me she got them, and I was quite proud of all my tools.

When spring came, I set to work and dug my plot with great care. Then with rake and line I made my beds and paths; next, I put in seed, and

roots, and soon I had a fine show of plants. It was no play, for I had to work hard to keep the weeds down. They sprang up as fast as I could pluck them out. I knew it would please my kind papa and mamma to see my plot kept trim and neat, so I did not care for the hard work.

One day my dear mamma and my aunt came to see my trees and plants. My aunt gave me a box of figs and prunes to eat, and my mamma brought me a strong knife to prune my trees with. I gave them each a few rose-buds, and my aunt some rare plants to press and dry, so as to keep them. They gave me much praise for the way I had kept my plot.

A CHILD'S VERSE.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
Guard me safely through the night,
And let me see the morning's light,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

LESSON XIV.

face	mice	page	dunce
grace	once	rage	glance
place	twice	cage	since
price	thrice	stage	dance

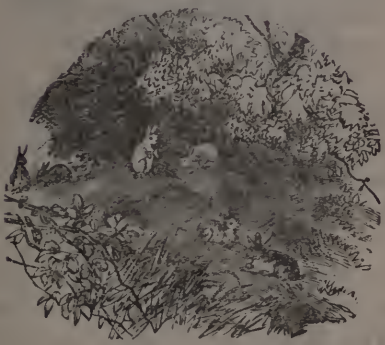
Harry Badd is a sad dunce, and so he cannot get his sums right. I think he does not try much, for one can see at a glance, that he does not give his mind to his work. When he is at his books, he will not keep his eyes on the page, but will watch for mice or flies. If he has a hard sum, he tries but once, and then gives up in a rage, if it is not right. He ought to try twice or thrice, at least.

George Price now looks at his slate, to see where his sum is wrong. He finds that in one place Harry had said "twice two are four, and two make eight." Harry has not the grace to thank George

for his pains. You see George has a sad face, and Harry is in the sulks, for George has just told him that, when he is at his books, he ought to keep his mind on his work, and not think and talk about the tame mice he has in a cage, and which he means to send home in the stage next week.

RHYME.

Work while you work,
Play while you play,
That is the way
To be happy and gay.



One, two, three, four, five,
I have got a hare alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I will let it go again.

LESSON XV.

Jane Jones, who lives at Maple Hall,
Is eight years old, but quite as tall
As some girls are at nine or ten.
At six she learnt to use her pen,
And do her sums so well, that she
Will soon be in the rule of three.
She has a dog whose name is Fan;
Its hair is white, and black, and tan.
Its ears are long, it stands and begs,
And learns to dance on two hind legs.
And when you think its tricks are done,
Off on its fore legs it will run,
And wag its tail, and bark and frisk,
And seem so glad and blithe, and brisk,
That folks who see it, smile and say
Few dogs, like that, so well can play.

THE TINKER AND HIS DOG.

Do you know what a tinker is? Well, he is a man who makes and mends tin pots and pans, and tea-kettles. Most of the gipsies are tinkers. Here is a tinker at work, and his dog is with him.

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!
The tinkers are come to town;
Some in rags, and some on nags,
And one in a velvet gown.

The *cow* has a horn, the *fish* has a gill;
The *horse* has a hoof, and the *duck* has a bill;
The *bird* has a wing that on high it may sail,
And the *cat* has a paw, and the *dog* has a tail;
And they swim, or they fly, or they walk, or they eat,
With *fin*, or with *wings*, or with *bill*, or with *feet*.

LESSON XVI.

want	rent	lamp	lump	limp
went	meant	camp	jump	gimp
sent	tent	damp	pump	pomp
pant	lent	stamp	stump	romp

Mary is a sweet girl, now five years old. She has just had a game of romps with Mrs Puss and her baby. They ran down stairs, through the hall, out to the lawn, and all round the tent. Mary meant to take great care of her new frock, but her foot caught in a lump of turf, and down she went on the damp grass. When she got up, she found that she had hurt her foot, made a great rent in her shoe, and had torn the gimp of her dress. Mrs

Puss had made a jump off the tent, and had run away with Kitty. Mary could not run now, her foot was so much hurt. She had to limp to the pump to wash her hands and face, and then it made her pant with pain to go up the long stairs. It made Mary's mamma quite sad to see her poor child in such pain. Mary found Mrs Puss and her baby by the fire. She went up to her mamma to ask her to help her to sew the gimp on her frock. Her mamma first sent Jane for the lamp, and bound up Mary's foot, and then she set to work to mend her clothes.

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Give it one stitch, give it two;
Give it three, or give it four,
Or if it needs it, give it more:
Give it five, or six, or seven,
I 'll pay you for each stitch that 's given.

LESSON XVII

farm	barn	harp	smart
harm	learn	sharp	start
form	born	Carp	short
storm	horn	hurt	sport

These four boys were all born in the same year. They go to the same school, and sit on the same form. They are smart lads, and learn fast; and when their work is done each day, they start off for some sport. One day last week they all went to the farm of Mr Carp. They had a game of ball, and they had fine fun at hide-and-seek in the barn. One of them put a flag on the old ram's horns; the ram ran off with the flag, and it gave them grand sport to chase it.

To-day they set out for some sport with their kites. Two of them, as you see, have their kites up; one hurt his foot on the road, and it smarts so that he does not want to fly his kite. The fourth boy got his string in the tree, and had to cut it till it is too short. If a storm come on, they will have to look sharp and get their kites in, or the wind will tear them to rags.

A little mouse sat down to spin,
Puss came by and she peep'd in;
What are you doing, my good little man?
I make a coat as fast as I can.
Shall I come in and wax your thread?
No, thank you, Miss Puss, you will bite off
my head.

LESSON XVIII.

herb	hard	dark	Pearl
orb	bird	bark	furl
curb	word	work	girl
surf	third	pork	twirl
turf	heard	York	hurl

This fine ship—the *Pearl*—was on its way to New York, when it was caught in a great storm. For two days and nights, by hard work, the men kept it from the shore. They had to furl all the sails, but they still thought they might get through the gale. Their bark flew like a bird with the

wind. The third night they heard the mate pass the word for all to pray that God would curb the storm and save them. It was now so dark that they could not see which way to steer, but soon they heard the deep boom of the surf, as it beat on the shore. Then they knew that all was lost, and that their last hour had come. The gale was so strong as to twirl the great ship about like a bit of light bark. So on it ran upon the rocks, and the men were cast into the sea. The waves beat them about, and all but eight sank to rise no more.

Next day the wind had gone down, and when the sun rose like an orb of fire in the east, they could not see the least trace of their ship. It had sunk in the night. A box of pork floated to the place where the men were, and they ate the pork and some herbs for a few days. When their pork was gone, three of them died, but God sent help to the rest. They saw a ship far off, just as the sun set in the west. They at once made a great fire on the top of a high rock. All through the night they kept a bright blaze, in the hope that it might be seen, and they prayed to God to save them He heard their prayers. A little girl in the ship saw the fire. She ran to ask her papa what it was. He made them turn the ship round, and sail for it. When the sun rose they were near the rock. They sent a boat, and brought off the five men who were still alive.

LESSON XIX.

gulf	silk	elm	help	salt	built
self	elk	helm	gulp	malt	guilt
milk	yelk	whelm	whelp	fault	quilt

This is a light-house built on the top of a high rock. A brave man and his little boy live in it, though it is out in the gulf, far from the shore. At the top of the house is a set of lamps which run round and round. These they light each night, and keep them bright to show the men in the ships where the rocks are. The little boy tends the lamps for a part of each night, while the man sleeps.

It was not the fault of the man or his son, that this ship got on the rocks. Her name is the *Elk*: she went with a load of ice, and salt, and

malt to a land where these things sell well. Then she took on board some silk, a few colts, some dates and figs, and a young lion's whelp. They had a great lot of rum on board, and as they came up the gulf the men got the rum, and were soon drunk. The man at the helm took it in great gulps, and so did not see the lights, or know how to steer. The ship was lost through his guilt and love of self.

The man in the light-house saw the ship drive on the rocks, the masts break off, and the waves whelm the poor men, but he could not help them. But one of them came alive to the rock, and he was so weak that the man and his little boy had hard work to save him. He clung to a log of elm, which they kept on board to make bolts of, and this floated to a place where the light-house man could reach him. They had to feed him on milk and the yelk of eggs, but at last he got strong once more.

MY LITTLE CAT.

Come, my dear Miss Pussy,
And sit upon my knee,
I will give you buns so sweet,
And a cup of tea!
Thank you, Sir, said Pussy,
In her dress of silk,
I do not care for buns or tea,
But I must have some milk.

LESSON XX.

rise	cheese	noise
raise	choose	nose
wise	chose	bruise

One fine day, when all was quite still, two mice came out of their hole to look for food. They saw a fine large piece of bread near the wall, and on the far side of the room, a bit of cheese. They had just had a few crumbs of the bread when they heard a noise, and off they ran to their nest. So they said they would rise next day with the sun and try to get the rest. The next day the young mouse was in such haste that it would not wait for the old one, but ran out and got at the cheese. When the old one came out, he did not

choose to go so far as the cheese, and he told the young mouse, that, if he were wise, he would not go so far from the hole. The young mouse could not raise the cheese to take it with him, so he chose to stay where he was, and run all risks. All at once a cat sprang into the room—the old mouse got off with a mere bruise on his nose which he got as he ran to the hole; but the cat caught the young mouse, who, when it was too late, saw that he ought to have done what the wise old mouse told him to do.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

A cat that had such nice soft fur,
Sat on a chair to rest and pur.
Near to the fire-place stood the chair,
The room was warm, no one was there;
So Puss, who had not slept all night—
For, in the dark, cats want no light—
Shut both her bright green eyes, and soon
She went to sleep though it was noon.
She took but just a nod or two,
As cats who watch for mice will do,
When from a hole a small brown mouse,
Who thought no one was in the house,
Came out for food. Puss heard a scratch,
And up she got, Miss Mouse to catch.
Back to her chink the sly mouse ran,
And said, now eat me, if you can,

LESSON XXI.

skin	sled	slow	sneeze	spare
skate	sleigh	slate	snow	speak
skip	slide	sleep	snore	sprawl
skim	slip	snug	snooze	sport

Did you ever skim over the smooth ice on skates, or in a sleigh? Ah, it is grand sport, and boys love it much. The ice on this pond is as smooth as a slate, and the men and boys who skate on it seem to think it fine fun. The little girl on the sled cannot skate; but, when she is cold, she can get off and slide till she is warm. If she were to try to skip on the ice she would slip, and bump her head or graze her skin. The man who sits on the ground thought he could skip with his skates on. They all stood to watch him, but soon they saw him sprawl on the ice. He was hurt so much that he could not speak; so they put him on a sled, and sent him over the snow to the

house. Here they set him by the fire, and left him to sleep and snore, for more than an hour. Then he came back to the pond, but his steps were slow, and he does not now care to skate. I think, if one of the men can spare time, he ought to take the poor man home, as he will soon freeze with the cold if he sit there; but, when he is at home, he can get warm and snug, and go to sleep.

Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day;
Come and slide, but do not fall,
Come with good-will, or not at all.
Come with skates, and come with sleigh,
Come, and join our merry play!
Down the hill, and over the ice,
What if we tumble once or twice!
Over the ice, and through the snow,
Jolly boys! jolly boys! here we go!

LESSON XXII.

still	first	best	small
store	last	fast	smooth
stoops	rest	lest	smart
step	must	most	smile

This seems to be a nice game for small boys. One boy sits still on a smooth stone, the next stoops and puts his head in the lap of the first. So they all stoop down but the last, who goes back a few steps, takes a run, and jumps on top. He goes on, till he sits on the back of the first boy that stoops. Then the last in the line goes back a few steps, runs and jumps up, as did the first, and so on with the rest. No two boys must ever get on the back of one, at the same time, and it is best to

have a smart boy for the first to run. He ought to get over the backs fast, lest he should tire those who stoop. You may smile at it if you like, but it is a good game for five, or six, or, at most, eight small boys.

A HYMN.

The day is past, the sun is set,
And the bright stars are in the sky;
Now the long grass with dew is wet,
And in the dark the bats now fly.

The lambs have now lain down to sleep,
The birds have long since found their nests,
The air is still; and dark and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.

Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light,
For I know God is with me here,
And He will keep me all the night.

For He, who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow,
Will look on a young child like me,
When on my knees to Him I go.

LESSON XXIII.

back	peck	struck	act
Jack	kick	check	fact
stack	stick	prick	tract
black	stuck	trick	tact

Jack Stack has a fine black nag, whose name is Ned. One day this spring, Jack gave Ned a whole peck of oats, and then went out with him for a ride. He stuck a pin in the heel of his boot for a spur, then he got on Ned's back, and off he went. Jane says that this is a fact, for she saw Jack stick the pin in his boot. As soon as Jack was on Ned's back, the pin ran in Ned's side and made him kick. Jack struck him with a switch, and then off Ned ran. With

each jump he took, the pin hurt him more and more, till at last, mad with pain, he ran away. It was in vain for Jack to pull the rein, he could not check his horse. The groom got on his horse to try to catch Jack, but he could not get near him. Jack's hat flew off, and he could see that they would soon be on the brink of a steep bank near a wild tract of rough land. He prayed to God to save him, and just then they came to the edge of the bank. The horse gave a turn to one side, and Jack fell off and struck his head on a brick. The groom found him, and took him home but Jack's trick made him quite ill for some days, and all his friends now tease him about his spur, and his want of tact with his horse.

I had a pretty pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipt him, she slash'd him,
She rode him through the mire·
I will not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

LESSON XXIV.

lamb	half	halves
limb	calf	calves
climb	self	selves
dumb	talk	sign
thumb	walk	deign

Bertha and Clara have gone to the fields for walk, and to have a chat about the lambs and calves. Bertha says that the little lamb must go to its mamma, who cries for it. It is true that the sheep and the cows are dumb—that is, they cannot speak, but they can bleat and low, and the lambs and calves know what their mammas say. Little Clara is not much more than half as

old as Bertha, so she can not talk much, and she does not know a lamb from a calf, but she says she loves to see them skip and run. She thought she could catch one pretty lamb, but he ran off, and Clara fell over the limb of a tree which was on the ground, and she hurt her thumb When they left home their papa gave them a fine pear; but they did not eat it themselves, they cut it into two halves, and gave them to two poor girls whom they met on the road, and who told them where to climb the fence.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And up and down where Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It went with her to school one day—
That was against the rule;
It made the girls all laugh and play,
To see a lamb in school.

So then the teacher put him out;
But still he would stop near,
And jump, and skip, and play about
Till Mary did appear.
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I 'm not afraid,
You 'll keep me safe from harm."

What makes the lamb love Mary so
The girls all run and cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
Their teacher did reply.
"And so may you in bonds of love,
Each living creature bind,
And make it gentle as a dove,
If you are always kind."

SECTION II.

THE TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

Dick Fork, the dunce, comes late to school;
  Grins, laughs, and acts against the rule—
He lights a match to see it flare,
  He pricks Frank's neck, and pulls his hair;
The forms he tilts, the pens he spoils;
  The slates he cracks, the books he soils;
He kicks the cat, nor thinks it shame
  To hurt Ben Bolt, though he is lame.
He can not count, nor read, nor write;
  In truth, he is not very bright—
He says D-I-N-E, spells DIN,
  And S-H-I-N-E spells SHIN!

Fred Hughes is not so old as Dick,
  But he is clean and neat and quick.
He knows D-I-N-E spells DINE,
  And S-H-I-N-E spells SHINE.

To learn to read he deems a treat;
He comes in time, and takes his seat;
He does not tread on toes, nor try
To pull boys' hair, and make them cry.
Nor does he act so like a dunce,
What he does ill he owns at once.
He is not rude, in jest or play;
Vile words Fred Hughes would scorn to say.

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

Little Clara True has a fine whip-top. Her mamma told her she might spin her top, and, when she got it to go fast, she might take it up in the spoon. But Clara says she must first learn her verses for school, and that she will play when her work is done. Do you not think Clara is a good little girl?

THE TWO GOOD BOYS.

George and Charles are both good boys. They live in the town, and go to school there. Boys who live in towns do not see much of the fields, and green grass, and trees, and birds, and so they love to run through lanes, and parks, and woods, when they get a chance.

These boys do not waste their time at school. They try to learn fast, so that, when they grow up, they may be of some use to those whom they love. They know that they cannot go to school, when they grow to be men, for all men have to work for their food; so they try to learn, and their papa is pleased to see them so good.

One day they met a poor blind man who had

lost his way. He had no dog or child to lead him, and thus he did not know which way to go, and so could not get to his home. Some bad boys stood by the path-way, and made game of him. They thought it grand sport to see him trying to feel his way with his stick.

When George and Charles, who had kind hearts, and who knew that God does not love to see boys vex or teaze an old man, saw that the poor man was both old and blind, they went up to him and said—"Sir, we are on our way to school; please give each of us one of your hands, and we will lead you home." The old man was thank-ful to them, and gave them his hands. As they went through the streets, one on each side of him, he told them where his house was. They had to walk fast, so as not to be late for school, but, when they got to his door, he put his hands on their heads, and prayed that God would bless and keep the two good boys who had brought him home.

They then went to school, and when they thought of the poor blind man, they were glad that they had been kind to him.

The next day their papa, who had heard of their kind act, told them, that, as they had been good boys, and the day was fine, they might spend it in a great park which was two or three miles from the town. They made haste to thank their papa,

and then they ran to ask their mamma to give them some bread and cheese to take with them.

George and Charles soon got their hats, and their bread and cheese, and were off for the day. They had not gone far, when a horse and cart came out of a gate to the road, and the man in the cart, who knew them to be good boys, gave them a ride as far as the park.

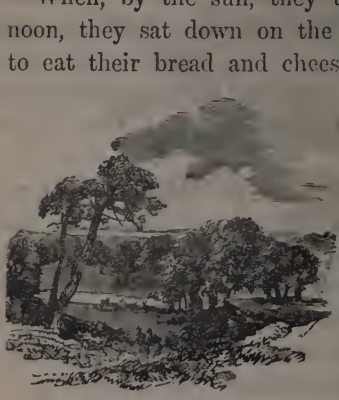
This park was quite large, and it had a high fence on each side. It was three or four miles long, and more than a mile and a half wide, and it was full of all sorts of trees and shrubs. Hill and dale, flat and slope, were all clad in bright, green grass, and the brooks, that ran through the vales, were full of trout, and chub, and fish of all kinds.

Birds of rich voice and bright hues flew in and out of the groves, or sang in the trees, while the air was sweet with the scent of the wild rose, and mint, and balm. They saw a large black bird on the ground by the side of a dead beech, and, as it flew off, they knew it to be a crow.

George and Charles were much pleased. They ran up and down the slopes for some time, and then

they sat in the shade to rest. Very soon they got up to roam far into the park.

When, by the sun, they thought it was about noon, they sat down on the trunk of a dead tree to eat their bread and cheese. They ate it with zest, for they were hun-gry, and then they went to quench their thirst at the cool stream. Charles, who was first, ran back to tell George, that down near the brook there were six or eight deer. He told George to make no noise, or it would scare them, and they would run off. From the side of the hill, where they were, six deer could be seen. Two were side by side in the grass, and four were in the shade of a grove. They stood to watch the deer play for a long time, then George made a slight noise, the deer heard it, and went, with great bounds, far into that part of the park where there were most trees to hide them. The two lads had a grand day. In the deep, dark woods they saw an owl, and a great snake; the owl caught the snake, and flew off with it.



George found a bird's nest on the ground near a bush. It was a gray-bird's nest, and in it were

three brown-and-white eggs. They did not break the eggs or touch them. They just gave one peep at them, and then went away, so that the old bird might go back to her nest.

They had a bath in the brook, but were care-ful not to go in where it was deep, lest they should be drowned. It was just dark when they got home. They had a good tea, and then went to work with their books for next day's school.

George and Charles were good boys, and so they were happy. Indeed, it is only the good who, at any time, are really happy.

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the queen;
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I chased a little mouse under a chair.

Wicked boys, who rob birds' nests, do not think of all the pain they give the old birds. They ought to ask them-selves, how they would like some great, rough crea-ture to steal them away from their nice homes.

THE NEST.

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid little blue eggs in it, one, two, and three,
And then oh how glad, and well pleasèd was she!

So after a while, how long I can't tell,
The young ones crept out, one by one from the shell,
And their mother was glad, and she lovèd them well.

She spread her soft wings on them, all the day long,
To warm and to guard them : her love was so strong,
And her mate—he sat near her, and sang her a song.

One day the young birds were all crying for food,
So far flew the mother away from her brood,
And up came some boys, who were wicked and rude.

Then they took the warm nest down, away from the tree,
And the little birds cried, but they did not get free,
So, at last, they all died away, one, two, and three.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

Pretty little birdie
Out in the snow,
You cannot find a bit of food,
Where will you go ?
Come to my house, birdie,
Here it is warm,
I'll give you food, and keep you too,
Safe from the storm.

THE TRUANT.

Henry Bell's mamma made him neat and clean for school, one fine morning in June, and sent him off early, so that he might get there in time. On his way to school, he met with two bad boys, who told him they would not go to school on such a fine day. They said they knew where there were lots of ripe berries, and, after a little while, Henry said he would go with them.

He went a long, long way with them, but they could find no berries, and Henry was sorry he had not gone to school. One of the boys tore Henry's coat, and took away his din-ner. Then the two wicked boys began to fight, to see who should have the dinner, and Henry was glad to run away and leave them.

He had to walk two or three miles back, and his feet were very sore; and, as he was going past a gate a fierce dog sprang at him and bit him on his leg.

He got near to the school, while the boys were at play after dinner, but he did not dare to go to school then. His clothes were torn; and his face was red, for he had cried so much. He felt very sad to think he had been so wicked as to play truant, and he could not help crying, when he saw how happy, and full of glee, all the boys and girls were. At length, when they were gone in to their classes, Henry went home, and, at once, told the truth to his mamma. His mamma was much vexed, but Henry said he would never play truant, or be so naughty again.

I think he kept his word, for he had now been taught the lesson we all learn some time or other: that the surest way to be happy is always to "Do Right."

THE SQUIRREL.

"Pretty, pretty squirrel,
In the tall beech tree,
Will you please to drop a nut?
But crack it first for me."
"I thank you, pretty squirrel,
The nut is very fine;
I will come again, some day,
And with you I will dine."

RIDING DOWN HILL ON SLEIGHS.

This hill is a fine place for sport. Boys love to come here with their sleighs and sleds. The last time I was here I saw a boy break his arm. He had a large sleigh, but he could not guide it; so that, as he went down the hill, it would turn round two or three times, and throw him off. Well, as he did not know how to ride sitting down, he thought he would stand up, and try it. He got on the sleigh, and soon it was going quite straight, and very fast. The boy bent a little to one side, and, as soon as he did so, the sleigh turned, and he was thrown off on the hard ice. He fell on his arm, and broke it. It gave him great pain. The boys took him into

one of the houses, where he got warm, and a kind old man bound up his arm.

Boys, who do not know how to steer their sleighs well, ought not to ride down steep hills.

THE YOUNG ROBINS.

Two little Robins built their nest
Upon an apple tree,
The hen at all times stay'd at home,
The little ones to see,
And all the little Robins said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day the sun was warm and bright,
No clouds were in the sky,
Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learnt to fly,"
And all the little young ones said,
We'll try, we'll try, we'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by;
When mamma says, "do this" or "that,"
She says, "what for?" and "why?"
She'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, "I'll try."

THE GOOD BROTHER AND SISTER.

Little Florence May had been sick for a long time. Her friends all thought she would have died, but, when the warm spring days came, she began to get well. While she was sick and weak; she had to lie in bed all the time, and some days she was in great pain. But she was never cross or fretful, and, when she was able, she was always glad to have a talk with her brother Frank. I dare say you would like to know what they had to talk about. Well, Frank had taken charge of her hens and birds, while she was ill; so he had to tell her how he had fed them, and kept their house and cage clean. Then he had much to tell her about school, and how pleased all the boys and girls were, to hear she was getting well. So you may be sure they had a great deal to say to each other

When the warm days came, her mamma gave Florence leave to go and sit in the garden, and watch the sweet little birds, and hear them sing. She loved to sit and string roses, and leaves, and buds, into wreaths. These she would put on the head of pussy, or on her mamma, or on Frank, or on any one else who, by chance, came to her. When the day was fine, she would sit in the garden so long, that mamma would begin to fear she might again take cold. Then she would send Frank to call his sister to come into the house, and you can see, by the kind way in which he speaks to her, how much he loves his dear sister.

One day, when Florence was in the garden, Frank took out her pet bird to her. It was quite tame, so she put it down on the ground, and it would hop about and chirp, but it would not fly away. When Florence held out her hands to it, the little pet would open its wings, and say, "Sweet, sweet," and hop on her thumb. While they were at play with it, a cross old cat got close to the tree, and made a rush at it. Frank just saw her in time to snatch up the pretty little bird, and save its life. The cat ran off, and Florence was so pleased, that

she gave many kisses both to the bird, and to her dear brother Frank.

In the cold time of the year, Frank and Florence had a room all for them-selves. It was a nice cosy place, with a good fire in the grate. In this room they would sit in the long winter nights, and help each other with their lessons, and, when these were all learnt, they would read, by turns, out of some pretty book. Here you see Florence at her tasks for next day's school. They are nearly all learnt. Frank has got through with his, and has just got off his stool, and run to ask his papa to lend them a nice book to read. Pussy and Florence will be glad, when he comes back.

How good a thing it is to see brothers and sisters dwell with each other in peace and love.

DANCE, LITTLE BABY.

Dance, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh.
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go.
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
This way and that way, round and round,
Dance little baby, and mother will sing,
Here we go, there we go, ding, dong, ding.

JACK HORNER.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plum,
And said, "Oh what a good boy am I!"

LITTLE DICK.

Who taps so at the window pane?
Oh, it is pretty Dick;
"Do please to let me in," he says,
"And give me crumbs to pick.

"It is so very cold out here,
And such a deep, deep snow;
I cannot find a single worm,
And don't know where to go."

"Come in, come in, then, pretty Dick,
And warm your bright red breast;
I'll give you all my piece of cake,
And make you a snug nest."

But now the sun once more does shine,
And melts the cold, cold snow,
And Dick taps softly at the pane,
And says, "Oh let me go.

"I love the sun so very much,
I love the sweet spring air;
Please let me fly out on the trees,
I'll sing to you up there."

"Yes, fly away, my pretty Dick,
We want no captive here;
Go, sing your songs upon the tree,
And come again next year."

This is our good dog "Keep." He is a fine watch dog, and guards the house all night. If thieves or rogues come near the place where he is, he growls and looks fierce. If he could break loose, he would, I fear, seize any one whom he found in the yard.

Charlie Vane had six sisters, but only one brother, and, though he was kind and good to his sisters. I think he loved his little brother "Curly" best of all. He would never tease or vex him, or be rough with him, as some brothers are, and then he was at all times pleased to lend Curly his ball, or top, or kite, or any-thing else, that Curly might take a fancy to.

One day, as Charlie was coming home from

school, he met an old woman who was lame. She was neat and clean, and did not seem to be poor, but she could only walk with the aid of a crutch. It seems, that, just before Charlie came up, she had fallen, and broken her stick. When her stick was broken, she could not walk at all; so she had to sit down by the side of the road and wait for some one to help her home. Four or five of the school boys went by, but they only made game of her. When Charlie came along, he at once saw how things were, and he did not wait for her to ask him to aid her, but he ran to her, and said he would help her to get to her house. She was very much pleased, and, as soon as he had taken her home, she thanked him, and said he was a kind lad, and asked his name. Charlie felt glad, and he did not care in the least for the sneers and jests of his school-mates, who got up a laugh at him for going along the streets with a lame old woman on his arm. All Charlie's sisters, and Curly, and his papa and mamma, thought he had done quite right.

Now the old woman was very rich, though no one knew it; and, a few days after all this had taken place, she sent a rich gift to Curly, and to each of Charlie's sisters. For Charlie himself she sent a noble little pony. He was all gray but his mane and tail, and these were black. You may be sure Charlie was pleased with the gift, and so were they all, for there was not such a pretty pony any-where

else in the town, Charlie gave all his sisters a ride, and, last of all, he gave Curly a good long one. Charlie held the pony, so that he should not run and shake Curly off; little Emma ran by the side of Curly, and Nellie had hold of Charlie's arm Charlie gave them all rides, by turns, and, last of all, he took one himself.

You may be sure Charlie's school-mates who had made sport of the old lady, felt sorry that they had not tried to help her, when they saw what a fine horse she gave to Charlie Vane

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A CHILD'S VERSE.

I am a very little child,
I 'm very young, and very wild,
  And sometimes naughty too;
I 'm led, by many a foolish thought,
To do the things I never ought
  To think of, or to do.

But God, the holy God above
Is very kind, and full of love
  For little ones like me;
And He will hear me, if I pray,
And He will help me, day by day,
  A better child to be.

DICK AND THE CLOCK.

"Sixty seconds make a minute," cries little Dick,
"Pretty playful clock of mine, tick, tick, tick;
Look, dear Alice, at its face,
See! the two hands run a race;
Look, dear sister, at the clock,
Hear it sing tick-tock, tick-tock.

"Sixty minutes make an hour," cries little Dick;
"Thus the flying minutes go, quick, quick, quick;

Alice, hear the old clock say,
'Something good do every day;'
Hear our wise old darling clock
Talk away—tick-tock, tick-tock.

"Hours four-and-twenty make a day," cries little Dick;
"Thus the hours haste away, quick, quick, quick;
But one minute more, and then
The clock will tell us it is ten;
'Go to work,' says dear old clock;
'Work away'—tick-tock, tick-tock.

"Seven days will make a week," cries little Dick;
"'Children must their lessons learn—quick, quick, quick;
Great or little, old or young,
All must hate a lying tongue
As I do,' says the dear old clock;
Alice, hear it—tock, tick-tock."

A TRIP TO THE FARM.

Robert and Mary went to see their aunt who lives on a farm far from their home. It was the third time Robert had been there, but, though Mary had heard a great deal about its being a fine place, this was the first time she had seen it. They left home about the end of March, and were to stop six months. Robert had been sick from the time of his birth, and his papa and mamma thought it would make him strong, to run about in the open air and the green fields, for some months, and to live on bread and fresh milk. They were not to go to school, but were to play all the day. The only rule their mamma made

was, that they were to be sure to mind all their aunt said to them.

For the first few days they were on the farm, Robert was too sick to go out much, and Mary was so good as to stop in-doors to play with him. In about a week he was able to go as far as the barn, and there he and Mary had fine fun. They would tumble about in the hay and straw, and play at hide-and-seek. After a little time they would go and chase the ducks and geese, and run after the sheep. When they were tired of this, they would rest in the shade, and read some nice rhymes and verses out of a pretty book.

Robert grew better each day, and very soon he was able to go all over the farm. I am sorry, though, to say that he did not, at all times, do as he was told. His aunt had said to him and Mary, that they were not to leave the gate of the garden open, or the cows would get in and eat up the things. Well, one day they ran through the garden, and did not shut the gate; the cows got in and ate a lot of the beets, and cab-bage, and other things. It was wrong for them to vex their kind aunt in this way, and they felt sorry that they had not taken more care.

When they had been at the farm four months, they went, one morning, to a brook to sail Robert's little toy ship. The boat got too far from the bank, and began to float away from them. They

did their best to get it, but in vain; it went over the falls on the stream, and they lost it. They were both very sorry, but their kind aunt said that she would buy them a new one, the next time she went to town.

Now and again they had a wet day, and then they could not play in the fields. At such times they went to the barn, or played in-doors. Once, when a young friend came to see them, they all got their slates, and set to work to draw Mary's doll. Mary set her doll on the chair, but it would not stand up, so they made it sit down and hold out its arms. They could not draw it very well, and Robert made something which was more like a cow than a doll; but they all had a

good laugh at what were meant to be dolls on their slates, and they ran to show them to their aunt who said that Mary had drawn hers best.

When the six months were gone, Robert was quite strong. His brothers, George and John, came to take him home, but they first spent a few days with their aunt, and their brother, and sister, on the farm. They all four had grand romps in the fields, and in the barn, where they now had a good swing. Here you see George and John with their little brother Robert taking a ride on their arms He does not look sick now, but seems as strong, and in as good health as his brother George. I am quite sure that he and Mary do not like to leave the farm, to go back to their home and their school. They paid visits to the woods, and

fields, the ducks, geese, fowls, oxen, sheep, and cows, to bid them all good-bye. Then they gave their kisses and thanks to their kind aunt, and set off for home, where they found their friends quite pleased to see how strong the little sick boy had grown.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

God made the sky that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see;
It comes to give us heat and light:
How thankful we should be!

God made the pretty bird to fly;
How sweetly has she sung!
And though she flies so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give sweet milk,
The horse for us for use;
We 'll treat them kindly for His sake,
Nor dare His gifts abuse.

God made the water for our drink,
He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit,
Oh, how should we love Him!

THE WIND.

I am the wind, and I come very fast;
Through the tall woods I blow a loud blast;
Sometimes I am soft as a sweet gentle child;
I play with the flowers, am quiet and mild.

And then out so loud all at once I can roar;
If you wish to be quiet, close window and door.
I am the wind, and I come very fast,
Through the tall woods I blow a loud blast.

VERSES FOR A CHILD.

O Lord, to Thee my life I owe;
Make me the path of truth to know;
From paths of sin O keep me free,
And guide my steps to heaven and Thee.

Teach me, O Lord, my thanks to pay,
For all Thy goodness day by day:
Be with me in the shades of night,
And keep me till the morning bright.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

This is the book which God has given
To lead us in the way to Heaven;
It tells us of His power and love,
And of the happy land above,
Where all who love dear Jesus well,
In endless joy and peace shall dwell.
Then let us read, with love and fear,
The things which God has written here.

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